Oct (?) 1834

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Freedom's Cottage.

Dear Anna:

Whether Helen is willing to confess her remissness or not I will confess mine. If my affection for my pen was a thousandth part as strong as it is for you and the rest of the dear friends in your quiet valley, the post office revenue would be vastly augmented, and whole reams of letters, very closely written, would be forwarded to you in tedious and formidable bundles. But I dislike it, as you well know, hugely — and this aversion is constantly getting me into difficulty, for it makes me hug that naughty and subtle thief Procrastination, with the fondness of a brother. In this respect, I am as bad as a slave-holder — I am the enemy of the watch who robs me of my time, in the abstract; but practically, he and I live on terms of excellent fellowship.

Your letter is as gladdening to us as a choral strain of music in the hush of night, or the first song of the bird of Spring. In your promise to visit us, — in company with Henry and Sarah, — you have opened a fountain of delight quite refreshing to our spirits. Here we are almost completely isolated from the world — recluses of the most rigid order. Helen bears the solitariness of her situation with admirable contentment; but she certainly needs at least one female companion, especially in my absence. There is no companion like a sister; and your presence will be equal to a daily sip of elixir vitae, in animating her spirits and diversifying her employment. She has given me a fine proof of the deep attachment which she cherishes for me, in being so cheerful and happy in her seclusion. You will also show, in a signal manner, your attachment for us both, in leaving the cheerful fire-side of "home, sweet home," and coming to reside awhile with us. Be assured that I know how to appreciate such an act of kindness.

Since my marriage, and occupancy of this cottage, I have been quite a home-body. Helen hardly gives me credit enough, when she says that I am at home forenoons; for morning, noon, and night, I am generally to be found here, poring over my editorical budget, or scribbling letters to friends, or reading newspapers or books, by way of divertisement. Mr. Knapp is indeed very kind to spare me so much from the office — but my friends in the city would be glad to see me oftener. I should be equally pleased to see them frequently — I love not them the less, but Helen and home more.

You may say to Mrs. May, that next to the pleasure we experienced in having her company, is the pleasure we feel in learning that the visit was very agreeable to her. She knows, assuredly, that she and her dear husband will always be welcome guests at Freedom's Cottage, or at any other place which we may hereafter occupy.

Father has my sympathy and tenderest solicitude in his present ill-state of health. Age has naturally its maladies; but a life of temperance and regularity, such as he has led, is able to meet them victoriously for a long period. To the good man, sickness is not a calamity: nay, it makes earth worthless, and heaven precious: it clearly reveals the vanity of terrestrial things, and makes the christian anxious to depart and be with Christ, "which is far better."

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With your cheering epistle, I received a budget from other esteemed friends — one from Mr. May, another from Mr. Prentice of Providence, a third from James Scott, and a fourth from Mr. Parrish. On the day preceding, a long letter was also received from George. Can we be otherwise than happy, with such tokens of friendship in our hands? But when the living epistles come — Anna, Sarah, and Henry — we shall be peculiarly honored and gratified. Love to mother, Mary, and all the household. My name is still as unchangeable as my affection.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.